

man's conception of right differs widely from God's.

May the time speedily come when selfishness may be driven from the heart and Christ's spirit dwell within to lead, guide and direct us in the way of truth and true holiness, that God's name may be glorified and sinners born into his kingdom saved from their sins, and the prayer that Jesus taught his disciples be answered. Thy kingdom come thy will be done on earth as in heaven. Your sister in Christ.

McLouth, Kans.

The Home

An Easter Morning Anthem

Out of the darkness, out of the cold,
Up from the cradle of close-clinging mold,
Filling the world with their smile and their cheer,
Lo! in the springtime, the flowers appear.

Gone is the winter, and scattered the gloom,
Sweet is their fragrance, the Easter buds bloom,
Lily and rose in their beauteous array,
Lighting the King on his conquering way.

Lift the glad anthem till heaven's reply
Thrills from the angels who praise in the sky.
Jesus is risen! Dear heart let us bring
Chorals of glory to Jesus our King.

Sweet on the air is the flower's pure breath:
Broken the power of sin and of death;
Fear we no longer the dusk of the tomb,
Lo! in the Easter, life's white lilies bloom.

—Margaret E. Sangster.

Messages of Easter

In the early dawn of a quiet Sunday—the first in the history of the world—a few devoted women, heavy with sorrow, could be seen wending their way toward a new tomb in the garden, wherein, with loving hands Joseph and Arimathea had so tenderly laid the body of Jesus. It was an eventful morning and the women were early in their journey, but the angels were earlier still, and—oh, can it be—the tomb was empty. There by the empty grave of Jesus whom they hoped to see but did not, the weeping women, as the reward for their loving devotion, received the sweetest, the most precious messages that ever came to human kind, messages which even now come to every soul born of God. Let us linger and see what some of these messages are which this festive day brings to our hearts.

First, it was a message of love. The mission of Jesus into this world was a mission of love, and all the associations of that wonderful life, its whole story may be summed up in one word, and that word, Love. His life was a lesson of love; his death on the cross was a manifestation of the eternal, divine love of God; at the tomb, in the gloomy silence of that early morning the angels brought messages of love,—love so

tender, so sweet, so precious, for here God had wrought the miracle of miracles, the crowning act of immortal love.

Second, it was a message of comfort. Those were sad hearts that came to the tomb on that first Sunday morning, souls that had been pierced by the cruel arrow of sorrow. But the angels brought a message of comfort to the mourning women. "Be not affrighted," they said. This Easter day, after almost 1900 years have passed away, we gather about the open grave of Jesus to receive the same message of comfort, for yet the world has its weeping and mourning disciples. Many a time has this earth been ripped open to receive the bodies of those whom we love, but why should we weep by the grave? In a true sense that grave is empty, empty of everything that could cheer and comfort our hearts. Listen to the voice of divine revelation, hear, oh, ye sorrowing hearts, grief stricken, burdened souls, Jesus speaks. "Let not your hearts be troubled."

Third, it was a message of joy. When Jesus was born at Bethlehem, angels came to shepherds keeping watch over their flocks by night, and announced the glad tidings of a Savior born. "Fear not, for I bring you glad tidings of great joy." But that joy was not without its mingled sorrow; speaking of the mission of the child Jesus, Simeon said to Mary his mother, "Yea, a sword shall pierce thru thine own soul." Thirty and three weary years of toil, and suffering, trials, and conflicts, lay before the infant babe Jesus. But the final triumph had now come. Jesus had worked out the great problem of human redemption, the victory had been won, and again the angels announce glad tidings of great joy, for the Lord of life is risen. The conflict was over and today the civilized world stands at the empty tomb and rejoices with joy unspeakable in the risen Christ. May every soul that has named the name of Jesus share in the joy that the message of Easter brings.

Fourth, it was a message of hope. The resurrection of Jesus was the birth of a deathless hope in the hearts of all who receive him. True, hope was kindled in the hearts of many when Jesus was born. The song of the angels on that eventful Christmas morning was a song of hope. On the gloom and despair of a lost and hopeless world, the Sun of Righteousness arose in noontide splendor, and light and sunshine came into the sad and desolate hearts of guilty, lost men. But that beautiful flower soon drooped and died. The breath of a heartless world blew upon it and it faded.

On the way to Emmaus the disciples said to one another, "We had hoped that it was he which should redeem Israel." All that hope had been blasted. But on the resurrection morn hope revived. The angel hand touched that faded flower, and instantly it bloomed anew in the kingdom of God. Never again will that flower fade; never again will it lose its sweet fragrance. It blooms immortal. May the dear Christ send the angel of hope to plant this flower in every human heart.

Fifth, it was a message of service. "Go and tell his disciples that he is risen from the dead." It is not the story of a dead Savior, but a living, personal, risen Savior. That is the message to the church today, go and tell the story of the risen Christ. It is the great Easter commission, *Go*. May he, the Christ of God, inspire the church to go and to send.

How D. L. Moody's Work Goes On.

Back of D. L. Moody's home in Northfield, Mass., is the round hill well known as Round Top, on which for years the twilight meetings have been held during the sessions of the different Summer conferences. Here in accordance with his last wishes, his body was laid to await the resurrection. On the simple marble stone that marks the spot are cut only his name and the words, "He that doeth the will of God abideth forever." The full truth of these words as applied to Mr. Moody is more and more evident as days go by.

Especially is it true of the schools which he planted at Northfield, Mount Hermon and Chicago, which promise to be his most enduring monuments. The school for young men at Mount Hermon, four miles across the Connecticut from Northfield, is just completing its twenty first year. It is not merely a Bible Training School, nor a school for the training of evangelists or mission workers, as many suppose. Mr. Moody believed in each man serving God in that particular line of life for which he is best fitted, so Mount Hermon aims to give an all-round education and training to fit men for usefulness in life. It differs from other schools, as Mr. Moody differed from other men. It takes young men who cannot get an education elsewhere.

It takes them without reference to age, except that they must be over sixteen, and without reference to knowledge of books. Its studies begin with elementary grades and take a man high enough to enter college. Many of its graduates have led their classes in college, and what is better, have stood as leaders of manly character in the Christian work of the colleges.

The largest number, however, of this thirty five hundred students have not gone to college but are out in life, weighing heavily on